Vol. II. Numb. 98.

THE OBSERVATOR.

Of those that wou'd take the Obſervator *without a Reward: Of* Knaves, *the ſeveral ſorts of them, and who they are. A Letter to the* Obſervator. *Of a Letter Written to the* Obſervator *by a* Prieſt, *making King* William *a* Jacobite, *&c. Of ſeveral ſorts of* Cabbages, *and where they are to be had.*

From **Saturday** March the 11th, to **Wednesday** March the 15th, 1704.

Country-m. MAſter *Obſervator*, I left you very Melancholy, laſt time Pray how is it now? I hope now all is over with you, and you'll be as Sociable as ever.

Obſ. Honeſt *Country-man*, I ſee no great cauſe of Mirth now, more then I did before.

Country-m. No! why now the Proclamation is expir'd, you are a Freeman again, and you are expected at *London* again; and Twenty People ſay they have ſeen you there.

Obſ. I Free! From what? I am Free from the Reward of the Proclamation, but not from thoſe that would Ruin any Man without a Proclamation. I hope the World won't take it for a Banter upon the Queens Proclamation; but I tell thee Honeſt Friend, the Proclamation was ſo far needleſs, that there's a Hundred Informers who would Betray and Seize me *without* the Reward; for one that would do it *for* the Reward.

Country-m. I don't rightly underſtand you, I can't but think that he that would Betray you for nothing, would ſtill be better pleas'd to have a Hundred Pound for doing it; and ſo gratifie two Vices at once, his *Malice* and his *Covetouſneſs*.

Obſ. I ſee you do not underſtand me: I mean thus; a Rogue would have done it before; and an Honeſt Man won't do it now; a Knave will Betray a Man without a Reward, and an Honeſt Man won't with one.

Country-m. Pray what do ye call a *Knave?*

Obſ. You have ask'd me a Queſtion requires a great Book to give it an Anſwer. There are ſuch a Crowd of *Knaves* in the World, there muſt needs be a great many ſorts of them, and 'tis not much to the purpoſe to reckon up all of them; but if you have ſo many of them Deſcrib'd as may ſerve to the preſent Purpoſe, I ſuppoſe 'twill do; won't it?

Country-m. Ay, I can ſave you the Labour of a good many, I ſuppoſe, and venture to Speak for you, as to ſome of them; I warrant you are of the Opinion that *Robin Hog*, *Harry Clitus*, the *Grand-Jury-man*, the *S*————, and all his *Huſſars*, with the *Hey-Dukes*, belonging to my Lord ————, theſe are ſome of your *Knaves* I ſuppoſe.

Obſ. No, no, Theſe are all little *Knaves*, neither worth a Wiſemans Thoughts, nor the Worlds Reading; and therefore from this time forward, Honeſt *Country-man*, let us leave them, as I told thee in my laſt, to Die at the *Gallows*, as they deſerve.

Country-m. Why, what then you don't pretend to run into a farther Account of *Knaves* and *Knavery*, do you?

Obſ. Yes, yes, *Knaves* of *Quality*, *Knaves* of *Senſe*, *Knaves* of *Policy*; theſe are the dangerous *Knaves*; theſe are the *Knaves* that Ruin us; thoſe Poor Fellows are but the *Devils* Drudges, to put forward all the Miſchief they can in their Generation, and to Huzza the Contrivances of the Great Ones, to make them go down with the Mob.

Country-m. I am not very fit to be your Counſellour; but have a care of medling with them, they'll be too many for you.

Obſ. Too many they may be, for their Name is *Legion*; and too big they may be, for they are of the Sons of *Anak*, and the Race of *Devils*, *Gyants* I wou'd ſay; but when I undertook to tell Truth, I knew well enough who I had to do with, and what I was to expect for it, and I am far from being afraid either of their *Quality*, or their *Number*, while I ſtick cloſe to the Truth.

Country-m. But you are blam'd on that ſide too; they ſay you Talk of *Truth*, and *Rogues*, and *Great Abuſes*; but you don't deſcend to particulars. They ſay you are a *Turbulent*, *Seditious* Fellow, and only Write to Diſturb the Government, and Ruin the Nations Peace, making Complaints againſt the *Victualling-Office*, the *Admiralty*, *&c.* without Cauſe, being able to prove nothing.

Obſ. I pity the Ignorance of thoſe Wretches who can't diſtinguiſh the difference between Writing againſt the Government, and Writing againſt the Evil Men in a Government. I have always endeavour'd the Peace of the Government, by expoſing the Villanies of thoſe that have Ruin'd the Peace of it, and Liv'd on the ſpoil of it. And as to my being able to prove nothing, that's beſt referred to the Committee of Lords, who have had that Matter under Conſideration, to whom it is beſt known whether I have done my Native Country any Service or no.

Country-m. Why what would theſe People have then?

Obſ. They would have a Man make Proclamation of every thing in Print, expoſe himſelf to Private Actions of Powerful *Knaves*; and when he is Ruin'd for ſaying the *Truth*, ſhake their Heads at him, and ſay they are ſorry. 'Tis enough for me to tell the World they are *Rogues* and *Thieves* in General, and then Acquaint ſuch in Authority as are moſt proper to take Cognizance of it, with the particulars.

Country-m. Well, but if this won't ſatisfie them, what then?

Obſ. Why then I won't promiſe to ſatisfie any Body; but however, it is eaſie to make out that I have Matter enough againſt all theſe People to Recommend them to the Scandalous Club in the Author of *The Weekly Re-Views* next *Courant*.

Country-m. All this won't Anſwer their End, they muſt have a little *Salt* with their *Meat:* If I might perſwade you, I would oblige them with

with a little, to let them know I could do it.

Obs. Well, to Humour you, Read that Letter. It was directed to Me, and left at Mr. *Hows*, the Printers, but being Sign'd only with two Letters, I did not design to Publish it, because I care not to Publish any thing which has not a Name at length to refer to; but this having been sent in a little particular manner, you may let the World see it if you will.

Mr. Tutchin,

SIR, *My self, with all other true* English men *that Love their Country, give you Thanks for Exposing the Frauds of the Nation which comes within your Knowledge; but I do not find any mention how Mr.* C——e, *Master* C——r, *of the* Victualling-Office, London *first, and then the Commissioner since, have made Her Majesty a Bankrupt: For at first they abated Five Shillings in the Pound out of the* Hoopers *Money, under pretence of Paying once a Month, altho' they stay Three or Four Months for it; and after the rate of Half a Crown in the Pound out of the* Block-mens *Work, under the same pretence. You mention nothing of the Loss in using* Iron-Hoops, *when the* Smiths *Buy (under pretence of what they call* Cabbage*) pieces of* Iron-Hoops, *new* Iron, *Three Foot long, which Two of those Pieces would make a* Hoop *for a* Punchion. *And could Relate more, and will the first Opportunity Affirm for Truth what I alledge. I am, Sir,*

March 10*th* 17$0\frac{4}{5}$. Your Unknown Servant,

D. T.

Obs. Well, do you think this Letter will Answer your End?

Country-m. Ay, ay, this will do it.

Obs. Why I could give you a Back Burthen of these, enough to make a Volume, like *Letters from the Living to the Living.*

Country-m. And you are Mad you don't do it, as long as you are sure they are sent you to do it.

Obs. I had a long Letter the other day sent me by a Priest, *for his Stile and Language discovers him*; which, after he has Rail'd himself out of Breath, does me the Honour to couple me with King *William*, and Arraigns His Majesty with being a *Papist* and a *Jacobite*,; and I forsooth must come in. I confess, I thought of all Men, the late King *William* could not have been Charg'd with being a *Jacobite*; I thought my self as clear of it too as any Body: But for K. *William* to be a *Jacobite*, that's the *Devil* in the Shape of a *Red-Horse.*

Country-m. Why then I'm afraid you'll come in for a *High-Flyer*, a *Non-Jurant*, *&c.* and so in time you'll Write the Paper with the *Fools Face upon it*, that's neither in *Jest* nor in *Earnest.* I begin not to like you, I'll have done with you; you turn *Jacobite*, and bring in *Perkin* the Second! And what will become of my Queen then? I tell you I than't like it; pray let's see the Letter.

Obs. No, nor I neither; I don't like it; but 'tis a good Instance of the Madness of this Party, they begin to Rave, and can't contain themselves within the Bounds of Common Sense. They might e'en as well have turn'd the Tables, and a call'd King *James* a *Williamite*, and told us He was in the Plot to bring in the *Dutch*, and to bring in the Revolution; for, in my Conscience, I believe King *James* had much more hand in the *Dutch Invasion*, as they call it, than ever my K. *William* had, or wou'd have had in the Return of King *James*, had he Liv'd till now.

Country-m. Well, but won t you let us see this Letter?

Obs. Tis too long to shew you now, I don't know but I may Oblige you with it another time. As to the Genuine Circumstances of all Letters thus Publish'd by me, I shall leave the Originals for any One to see at the Printers of these Papers, and if they are spurious, I am no way concern'd in the Fraud,

Country-m. Well, but won't you Oblige us with a few of the *Knaves* you Talk'd of: I Love Mischief you know; and consequently love to hear of it.

Obs. When I do that, it shan't be at the latter End of a Paper; I shan't have room for it, and I won't do it by Halves; but to Oblige you as far as Relates to this Paper, you may take 'em as we go on. They are *Knaves*, let them be who they will, that Steal the Queens *Hoops*, and Sell the *New-Iron* for *Cabbage.*

Country-m. I never heard of *Iron-Cabbage* before.

Obs. Why not *Iron-Cabbage* in the *Cooperage*, and *Beef-Cabbage* in the *Slaughter-House*, as well as *Silver-Cabbages* in the *Mint*, and *Salt-Peter-Cabbages* in the *Ordnance-Office*; and the like? *Iron-Cabbages* in the *Cooperage*, are like Chips in the Yards at *Woolwich*, *&c.* where there's more *Timber* cut out for Chips, than wou'd Build all the *Yatchts*, *Ketches*, and *Tenders* of the *Navy.*

Country-m. Well, some more *Knaves*, pray.

Obs. Why, they are *Knaves* too, that when the Workmen and Tradesmen come to be Paid, make them Abate Five Shillings in the Pound. If you shou'd do so when you Buy any thing at Market, they would say you were, what?

Country-m. What? A *Rogue*, *Broke*, a *Bankrout*, what d'ye call it?

Obs. A *Bankrupt*, you mean; and what do they Deserve that say your Queen is a *Bankrupt*, and can't Pay Her Debts; but a Poor Man must be forc'd to Compound with Her, and take Fifteen Shillings in the Pound for his Debt?

Country-m. Deserve! Deserve the *Gallows*, and a great deal more.

Obs. Well, and have Patience, and some of them will obtain it, I fear not.

Country-m. Well, have you any more *Knaves?*

Obs. Yes, yes, but these may serve for the present.

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